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JOACHIM RAFF'S SYMPHONY, "IM WALDE."

(NO. 3, IN F MAJOR, OP. 153.)

LEIPZIG: FR. KISTNER.

BY C. A. BARRY, M.A.

WITH Raff's 3rd Symphony we find ourselves again upon poetical ground. "Im Walde" (In the Forest) is divided into three parts. The first is entitled "Am Tage: Eindrücke und Empfindungen" (In the Daytime: Impressions and Feelings). The second, A, "In der Dämmerung: Träumerei" (In the Twilight: Dreaming); B, "Tanz der Dryaden" (Dance of Dryads); and the third, "Nachts: Stilles Weben der Nacht im Walde—Eingang und Ausgang der wilden Jagd, mit Frau Holle (Hulda) und Wotan. Anbruch des Tages" (By Night. The Living Stillness of Night in the Forest. Arrival and Departure of the Wild Hunt, with Frau Holle [Hulda] and Wotan. Day-break).

Of the many eminent composers, including Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, Stephen Heller, &c., who have recorded their impressions of the woods, there is probably none who has approached his subject in a more poetical vein, with more seriousness of purpose, or with more completeness than Joachim Raff. Though, like Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, the first two divisions of his work may properly enough be regarded "more as an expression of feeling than of painting," the third comes more directly under the denomination of descriptive music. The beauty and natural treatment of the first two divisions will be self-apparent to all, but the majority of English listeners will probably object to the introduction of the Wild Hunt in the air and Wotan and Frau Holle as subjects with which they have no sympathy, forgetting that the very opposite would be the case with Germans, who from their childhood have been familiarised with their country's legends. In explanation of this introduction of a portrayal of the Wild Hunt, with Wotan and Frau Holle, it should be stated that when, on the rise of Christianity, it was found impossible entirely to eradicate from men's minds a belief in the existence of the old heathen deities, they were represented as agents of evil inhabiting the bowels of the earth. Thence, it was believed, they occasionally emerged. Meeting with them or hearing the Wild Hunt in the air was regarded as a token of impending misfortune or of death. It is just such thoughts as these that a walk in the woods at night would conjure up to minds familiarised with such superstitious tales. Hence their embodiment in the third division of this symphony.

The first movement (*allegro*) commences as follows:—

No. 1. *Allegro.* *Vln.*

So mysterious an opening seems like a declaration that our author has no intention of treating his subject in a commonplace and conventional manner, but with all the power of a genuine poet. We quote it especially on account of the analogy which it bears to the opening phrases of the two following movements. This is immediately followed by more prelude matter, in which the

principal subjects (Nos. 2, 4, and 5) on which the movement is based are vaguely hinted at. The "first subject" proper commences as follows:—

No. 2. *Str.*

To this succeeds the following, of which important use is subsequently made:—

No. 3. *Strings.* *Wind.*

After a half-close on G, we are brought, by the following remarkable modulation:—

No. 4. *Strings.*

to the "second subject," which, instead of appearing, as usual, in C, and thus forming the "dominant" section of the movement, is presented to us in B flat:—

No. 5. *Str. poco più allegro.*

A full close in D minor is followed by a partial repetition of this theme, now assigned to two horns, and accompanied by the violins in quavers. Pendent to it the following new subject is announced by the bassoons:—

No.



This grows into importance by extended treatment, and brings the first great section of the movement to a close in the key of B flat.

At the commencement of the "working out" or middle section so salient a use is made of the horn passage which appears in our first quotation, that we cannot refrain from reproducing it at length :—

No. 7.



A prominent feature of the elaboration of the ideas with which we have been made familiar is the frequent employment of a new phrase in conjunction with them :—

No. 8.



This, or modifications of it, appears in turn in the extreme as well as in the middle parts, and serves, at one time above and at another below, as an accompanying figure to portions of the "first subject" (No. 2) treated in canon. This brings us round to our "first subject" (No. 2), which is now heard in its entirety, and with much fuller orchestration than on its first occurrence. It is followed by the matter next quoted (No. 3), which comes to a half-close on A; and, by a progression analogous to that which in the first instance led from G to B flat, we are brought to a recapitulation in C of the entire "second subject" (Nos. 4 and 5). Our sojourn in this tonality is both unusual and prolonged at this period of a symphonic movement, and it is not till we reach the coda based upon the "first subject" (Nos. 2 and 3) that we are fairly landed upon the key of F.

The second part of the work comprises a slow movement and a scherzo. The slow movement (*largo*) commences with prelude matter which leads to the principal theme :—

No. 9.



An episode commencing—

No. 10.



gives rise to a series of similar passages, which anon are followed by a repetition of the principal theme, to which a new interest is imparted by diversified instrumentation. The melody is here assigned to the first horn and violas, accompanied by the remaining three horns, with violins and violoncellos in triplets (*pizzicato*), with a new figure for the flute in sextuplets superimposed.

A change of key and of *tempo* now introduces a fresh feature of an imitative character :—

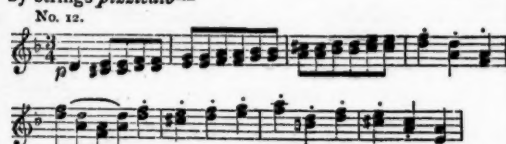
No. 11.



This, duly worked out, is followed by two presentations of the principal theme (No. 9). In the first the melody is supported by a single violoncello, with the second violins muted and playing in unison with it; it is accompanied by the chirpings of the flutes and a fluttering figure for the violins, also muted, of a somewhat similar character to that which Wagner has employed to represent the song of the birds in *Siegfried*. Its last appearance is almost identical with its first, except for the prolongation of

several phrases and the superimposition of a counter-melody for the clarinet. A short coda, consisting of new matter, but in good keeping with the foregoing, closes the movement.

The scherzo (*allegro assai*), after a short prelude, starts with the following lively theme for the flutes, supported by strings *pizzicato*—



On each occasion of its repetition it ends in some other key than that in which it started—viz., in A minor, F, and E. The trio (*poco meno mosso*), as it may be regarded, starts thus:—



Its most noticeable figure is its orchestration, the general character of which will be clear from our quotation, when we add that the violins are divided into four parts, and that the uppermost play in harmonics. A repetition of the principal subject of the scherzo (No. 12) brings us to a full close in D major, in which key the leading motive of the largo (No. 9), sustained by the first violins and violoncellos, is now introduced against a counter-subject for the flutes, which keep up the original motion of the scherzo in quavers. A certain unity of connection is thus gained for the two movements constituting the second part of the work, which, after a short coda, comes to a close in D major.

The third part (*allegro*), consisting of nearly one-half the entire work, starts with the following theme:—



Its exposition by the violoncellos and double-basses, and its immediately-following four repetitions, each more polyphonic and more fully scored than the preceding, may have been suggested by Beethoven's treatment, in the last instrumental movement, of the melody which forms so grand an element of the latter portion of the 9th Symphony. Following the author's "programme," we are to regard this portion of his work as suggestive, if not indeed as a representation in tones, of the "audible stillness of night." This "music of the spheres" is soon

interrupted by the approach of the Wild Hunt, which is thus heralded:—



This figure, the tramp-like character of which is heightened by its ternary rhythm, after several repetitions on various degrees of the scale, but always with F for its pedal bass, gives way to the following:—



As an offshoot of this, of which and its consequences salient use is made, we have, scored for strings and brass—



After several sequences of yet another new figure, played in six octaves by the whole of the strings and wood band, thinly supported by trumpets and horns:—



we are brought to a half-close on C, immediately followed by a new subject, not in C, as might have been expected, but in E flat:—



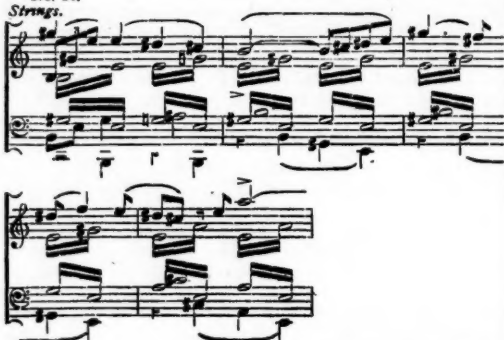
As a relief to this we have—

No. 20.



Another parenthetical theme in E, introduced by a remarkable modulation, calls for quotation:—

No. 21.



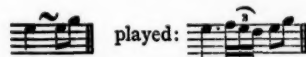
Anon follows a recurrence of the passage (No. 15, now in C). As at first it served to signalise the approach of the Wild Hunt, so now it seems typical of its departure for awhile. In this key it brings the first section of the movement to a close. The stillness of night again makes itself felt by the re-appearance of portions of the "first subject" (No. 14), in combination with allusions to Nos. 18 and 19. But it is not for long that we are left to enjoy repose; indications of the return of the Wild Hunt soon manifest themselves. With the resumption of the first section, which commences with No. 15, the introductory theme (No. 14), depicting the stillness of night, being here omitted, the uproar grows in intensity and reaches its climax. The themes (Nos. 19 and 21) are now, according to precedent, heard in the key of F. By degrees the tumult ceases, and with the resumption of the opening theme (No. 14), now in D flat and differently treated, the stillness of night returns. Once more, after a happy modulation, it appears again in its original key of F, but in notes of double their original length. Finally, the triple measure of the first movement is resumed, and with it the opening phrases of its "second subject," which now betoken the return of the dawning day.

THE EXECUTION OF THE ORNAMENTAL "TURN."

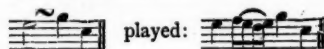
THE proper execution of the turn, or of the shake embellished also by the turn following it, is of much importance to the delivery of music of an ornate kind. It is one of those *Kleinigkeiten* which, however, when accompanied perhaps by notes of varied duration and rhythm, become

troublesome to a performer, and cause an obstruction to the smooth rendering of a passage or phrase.

It is usual when the turn is placed between two notes of the same grade, that it should take the time of about a fourth of the first note, and then proceed to the next note, thus:—



When a different note follows, then it takes the time of half the length of the chief note:—

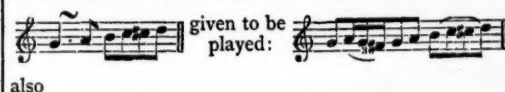


though in some passages it is better to hold the chief note longer, and so give the turn in shorter time, e.g.:—



(Beethoven, Op. 2, 1).

But when we come to the turn after a dotted note, the usual way of giving this, and combining it with the following note, is similar to that shown in the notes to some of the volumes of the Cotta Edition of the Classics:—



also

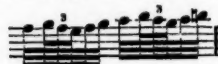


(Beeth., Op. 14, 1).

Notwithstanding this, I am of opinion that the note upon which the turn is made should only be heard again as part of this ornament, and that no note of the turn should be held longer than the rest; e.g.:—

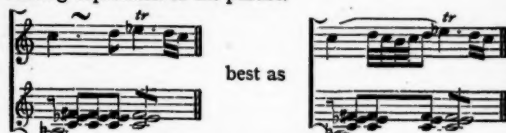


(Beeth., Op. 2, 1); and not—



The difference in effect is very perceptible; and I think that most players, after going through a few passages wherein embellishments of this kind occur, will be inclined to prefer my reading—in which the more lengthened chief note, followed by the quicker turn proceeding immediately to the half-note, is given—to that in which a triplet is played between two equal notes. The former is more artistic and pleasing, as it gives greater prominence to the chief tone

of the group; while the latter when played gives a divided, halting expression to the phrase.



(Hummel, A min. Concerto).

With accompanying Triplets.

Played :



(Hummel, Sonata in C.)

E. J. B.

THE OPERA: ITS GROWTH AND ITS DECAY.

UNDER the above heading an interesting and well-written article, by Mr. E. Dannreuther, appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May last. As was to be expected, and as we think should be, Opera is here regarded from a Wagnerian stand-point. This does not, however, lessen the reliability of the facts advanced, though it may not be best pleasing to those who have habituated themselves to a love for Italian Opera, to hear their darling contemptuously spoken of. Mr. Dannreuther has contrived to compress so much matter into a few pages, as to make a summary of his facts and remarks a by no means easy task. We can therefore only revert to a few of them; and this we do with the view of calling the attention of our readers to the paper itself, which we feel assured they will find a very readable and instructive one.

Opera, as we now have it, is just upon two centuries and a half old. It sprang from a mistaken attempt at resuscitating Greek music and the Greek drama. The unfitness of the music of the fourteenth and two following centuries, which was almost exclusively confined to the services of the Church, for any dramatic purpose, on account of its polyphonic character, led the Italian literati of the later *renaissance* to the invention of a strongly accented *monody*, which, with its dramatic intensity and its charm, at once extinguished the old style. The first Opera—properly so called (inasmuch as it contained all the elements of the modern Opera—recitatives, airs, ballet tunes—in an embryonic state)—was the *Eurydice* of Peri and Caccini, composed in 1600. About 1660 Opera found its way to France, where, in the hands of Lully and Rameau, it “put on a French *surtout*.” In England as well as in Russia it has always been an exotic, though in both countries more or less fruitless essays have been made to establish it in the native tongue. In Germany the Italians and Frenchmen had it all to themselves up to the days of Mozart and Weber. From the first, Opera seems to have taken a wrong direction; instead of becoming, like a good play, a well-proportioned organism with a poetical life of its own, it became a mere conglomerate of isolated pieces of music, for the display of which the dramatic action was merely made to serve as a scaffolding. The musician's art sank to a mere business calling; it consisted in the facility of producing endless variations upon the same dull type of *aria*. The composer was the humble servant of his singers; and the librettist the very humble servant of the composer. “Dere

is my music,” said Handel, drumming on the harpsichord, “dere is my music, sir; now you go make words to dat.” Thus, instead of the poet constructing a play in accordance with the laws of his art, and the musician afterwards intensifying the passions and sentiments embodied, the matter was unfortunately reversed. Mr. Dannreuther writes:

“From the first Opera to the last, there are two conflicting tendencies noticeable. On the one hand we see the high and somewhat vague aspirations of men of literary culture who wish to transform the Opera into a kind of ideal drama on the Greek model; this is in the main Wagner's side, also that of Gluck and his immediate successors, and in some measure, though quite unconsciously, also the side of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the other hand there is the frivolous leaning in the direction of vulgar theatrical amusement, wherein all imaginable artistic luxuries—music, dancing, acting, painting, costumes, fireworks, and what not—are muddled together, so as to produce a few hours of intoxicating diversion. This is the side represented by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Offenbach, and so on down the scale of operatic celebrities.”

Space fails us to follow Mr. Dannreuther in the pertinent remarks he makes on the efforts of the above-named composers. The conclusion he comes to is that “the Opera has ceased to live; and what we have now before us is the piteous spectacle of Monsieur Offenbach, with his friends, dancing the *can-can* around its dead body!”

In another paper, to which we look forward with interest, he promises to pursue the history of its resuscitation.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from p. 67.)

I WAS too deeply agitated to think of an immediate realisation of my project. I first of all inquired the whereabouts of Beethoven's residence, but only in order to be able to take up my quarters in his neighbourhood. Nearly opposite the house in which the master dwelt was an inn of a class not beyond my slender resources. In this I took a little room on the fifth storey, and then began to prepare for the greatest event of my life—a visit to Beethoven.

After I had reposed for a couple of days, and fasted and prayed (never caring to cast a single glance on the splendours of Vienna), I took courage, quitted the inn, and stole obliquely across the street into the wondrous building. I was told that Herr Beethoven was not at home. That was just what I wanted, for it gave me more time to collect myself. As, however, I got the same answer four times in succession, and latterly with an unpleasant accentuation, I made up my mind that that day a sinister fate was in the ascendant, and, much cast down, gave the matter up. As I was strolling back to the inn my Englishman saluted me from the first-floor window with marked courtesy.

“Have you seen Beethoven?” he cried.

“Not yet; I have not been able to find him in,” I replied, much taken aback at this fresh encounter. He met me on the stairs, and with striking friendliness of manner ushered me into his apartment. “Sir,” he said, “I have seen you go over to Beethoven's house five times to-day. I have been a long while here, and have established myself in this wretched place to be near Beethoven. Believe me, it is very hard to get an interview with Beethoven; the gentleman is a bit queer in his humours. At first I went six times in succession, and was always sent about my business. Now I get up very early, and sit from morning till night at the window to see when Beethoven goes out. The gentleman, however, seems never to go out.”

"And you think that Beethoven was at home to-day, and had himself denied?" I exclaimed, much startled.

"Of course; he does not want to have anything to do with either of us. And that annoys me, for I did not come to see Vienna, but Beethoven."

This was a wretch's bit of news for me. None the less, on the following day I again essayed my hap, but again in vain—the gates of heaven were shut against me.

The Englishman, who observed my fruitless attempt with most anxious attention from the window, had by this time become aware through inquiries that Beethoven did not inhabit that part of the house fronting the street. He was very much put out, but measurelessly persistent. On the other hand, my patience was soon exhausted, as was only reasonable considering the difference of our positions. A week had slipped away without my attaining my object, and the harvest of my *galops* was not rich enough to allow of any long stay in Vienna. Bit by bit I began to despair.

I took the landlord of the inn into my confidence, and told him what was the matter. He smiled, and promised to reveal the real reason of my ill luck if I would swear not to betray him to the Englishman. With a recurrence of my former foreboding I gave the required oath. "Well, you see," said the honest host, "a great number of Englishmen come here to see and make the acquaintance of Herr von Beethoven. This, however, gives Herr von Beethoven a great deal of annoyance; and he is so beside himself at their importunity, that he has made it impossible for any stranger to have speech with him. He is a very out-of-the-way gentleman, and one must excuse him. For my inn it is the best thing possible, as it is generally crowded with Englishmen, who, from the difficulty they find in getting a sight of Herr von Beethoven, are compelled to be my guests a good deal longer than they otherwise would. However, as you promise you'll do nothing to frighten them away, I hope I shall find some means of putting you into communication with Herr Beethoven."

This was all very edifying. It appeared that I could not accomplish my object because I, poor devil, was taken for an Englishman. Oh! my foreboding had proved right—the Englishman had been my ruin. For a moment I thought of leaving the inn; for it was evident that in Beethoven's house every one who lodged there was put down as an Englishman, and thus I also was accursed. Nevertheless, I was detained by mine host's promise of getting me an opportunity of seeing and of speaking with Beethoven. The Englishman, whom I now abhorred from the depths of my very soul, had meanwhile begun intriguing and bribing right and left, but as yet without any result.

In this manner several more blank days went by, during the course of which the store derived from my *galops* visibly decreased. At length the landlord confided to me that I could not miss Beethoven if I betook myself to a certain beer-garden which Beethoven was in the habit of visiting daily at a fixed hour. At the same time my counsellor gave me some infallible instructions as to how I should recognise the great master. I took heart of grace, and determined not to postpone my good fortune to the morrow. It was useless to attempt to meet Beethoven when he left the house, as he always went out through a back door, so the beer-garden was my only chance. As ill luck would have it, however, on that and the two following days my search proved vain. At length on the fourth, as I was setting my face in the direction of the garden that had such an import to me, I became aware to my horror that the Englishman was cautiously and discreetly dogging my steps at a distance.

Ever at his post at the window, he had not failed to observe that I went out every day about the same time in the same direction. This had struck him, and presuming at once that I must have discovered some clue to Beethoven's whereabouts, he had made up his mind to take advantage of this supposed discovery. He told me all this with the greatest frankness, and, at the same time, declared his intention of following me wherever I went. Vainly did I essay to lead him off the scent, and make him believe that I was only about to visit a vulgar beer-garden, which was far too unfashionable to be frequented by such rich men as he. He remained unshaken in his resolve, and it was mine to curse my fate. At last I tried rudeness, and sought to get rid of him by assuming a rough manner; far, however, from getting angry, he contented himself with a quiet smile. His fixed idea was to see Beethoven—nothing else mattered a particle to him.

And in truth that day I was destined at length to look for the first time upon the great Beethoven. No words can paint my wild joy, and at the same time my savage rage, when, sitting side by side with my *gentleman*, I saw a man approach, whose carriage and exterior answered exactly to the description the host had given of the great master: the long blue surtout, the tangled, shaggy hairs and above all the manner, the expression of the face, just as acquaintance with a good portrait had long presented them to my imagination. Here it was impossible to be mistaken; I knew him in a second. With a quick, short tread he came past us; amaze and reverence fettered my senses.

My slightest motion did not escape the Englishman. With curious eye he regarded the new arrival, who had withdrawn into the most distant corner of the garden (which at this hour was almost empty), and after ordering some wine seemed to have gone off into a reverie. The loud beating of my heart told me—"It is he!" For a few seconds I was oblivious of my neighbour, and measured with greedy eye and inexpressible emotion the man whom genius had swayed triumphantly my every thought and feeling since the time when I first learnt to think and feel. Involuntarily I began to murmur to myself, and fell into a kind of monologue, which concluded with the only too significant words, "Beethoven, it is upon thee I look."

Nothing was lost upon my insufferable neighbour. He had leant over, and holding his breath, had overheard what I whispered. I was startled out of the depths of my ecstasy by the words, "Yes! this gentleman is Beethoven; come and let us present ourselves."

At once pained and annoyed, I caught hold of the Englishman and held him back.

"What are you going to do?" I cried. "Do you want to compromise us—here, in this place—to discard all the respect due?"

"Oh!" he replied, "this is a capital opportunity; it won't be easy to get another such."

With these words he extracted a roll of music from his pocket, and was about to make straight for the man in the blue surtout. Beside myself, I caught hold of him by the coat-tails, and called out angrily, "Are you mad?"

This occurrence attracted the attention of the stranger. With evident pain he appeared to guess that he was the cause of our excitement, and having hastily emptied his glass he rose to depart. No sooner, however, did the Englishman observe that, than he tore himself from me with such violence that he left one of his coat-tails in my hand, and threw himself in the path of Beethoven. The latter tried to pass on one side, but he slipped right before him, made him a magnificent bow in the latest English fashion, and addressed him thus:—

"I have the honour to present myself to the famous composer and distinguished gentleman, Herr Beethoven."

He did not require to add more, for at the first words Beethoven, throwing a brief glance on me, sprang hastily on one side and quitted the gardens with lightning speed. For all that, the invincible Briton was just on the point of starting off after him at a run, when, in an agony of rage, I laid hold of his remaining coat-tail. He stopped short with an expression of surprise, and then exclaimed in a queer tone—

"The deuce! This gentleman has that about him, he might be an Englishman. He is a very great man, and I shall lose no time in making his acquaintance."

I stood there like a stone; this miserable adventure robbed me of every hope of seeing the accomplishment of the dearest wish of my heart.

In fact, it was now as plain as possible to me that henceforth every attempt to approach Beethoven in a conventional manner would be to no purpose. Considering the complete exhaustion of my finances, there was nothing left for me but to decide whether at once to bear my disappointment homewards, or to make one last desperate effort to compass my object. The mere thought of the former alternative was like ice in my veins. Who could stand so close to the gates of the holy of holies and see them shut in his face for ever without giving way utterly? Before abandoning every hope of salvation I determined to risk one last blow. But what?—what path was open to me? For a long while I could hit upon nothing masterly. Alas! my brain was paralysed; nothing presented itself to my excited imagination but the recollection of what I had to bear when I grasped in my hand the coat-tail of the Englishman. Beethoven's hasty glance at poor me at the time of this fearful catastrophe had not escaped me; I felt what that glance meant: it had made me into an Englishman! But what was I now to do to disarm the suspicions of the master? Everything depended on his getting to know that I was but a simple German nature, all earthly poverty and heavenly enthusiasm.

Thus I at length determined to pour out my whole soul to him—to write. This I did. I put pen to paper; I gave a brief sketch of the story of my life: how I became a musician, how I adored him, how I had wanted to become known to him, how I had sacrificed two years to gain a reputation as a composer of *galops*, how I began and completed my pilgrimage, what suffering the Englishman had brought upon me, and to what a pitiable state I was now reduced. As my heart grew lighter with the burden it threw off, carried away by the sense of ease, I became in some degree confidential. I intermingled my narrative with frank and somewhat bold reproaches for the cruel injustice with which the master had treated my poor self. I finished this letter in a state of actual enthusiasm; everything swam before me when I wrote the address—"Herr Ludwig von Beethoven." I uttered one silent prayer, and bore the epistle with my own hand to Beethoven's house.

As I was coming back to the inn in a state of joyous excitement—Oh, heavens! there again was the terrible Englishman before my eyes. From his window he had observed this my final expedition; in my manner he had read the exaltation of hope, and that sufficed to put me once more in his power. He actually stopped me on the stairs with the inquiry, "Hopeful again? When shall we see Beethoven?" "Never, never," I shouted in despair; "*you* Beethoven will never look upon again as long as he lives. Let me pass, you wretch; we have nothing in common." "Oh, yes, we have," he replied coolly: "where is my coat-tail, sir? Who authorised you to take it from me by force? Do you know that Beethoven's behaviour

to me was all your fault? How could he think it proper to enter into conversation with a gentleman who had only one coat-tail?" Beside myself at hearing the blame recoil upon me, I cried—

"Sir, you shall have your coat-tail back; you can keep it as a disgraceful souvenir of how you insulted Beethoven, and ruined a poor musician. Fare you well, and may we never meet again." He tried to detain and pacify me by assurances that he had abundance of coats in the very best condition; all he wanted was to know when Beethoven would receive us? In wild unrest I darted from him up to my attic, where I locked myself in to await Beethoven's answer.

But how shall I depict what took place within and around me, when within an hour a small piece of note-paper was actually remitted to me, on which was written in a sketchy hand—

"Excuse me, Mr. R., if I am obliged to beg you to defer your visit till to-morrow morning, as I shall be busy all day preparing a parcel of music for the post. To-morrow I shall expect you—Beethoven."

First I fell on my knees and thanked Heaven for this stupendous grace, the while my eyes filled with the most heartfelt tears. Then my emotion took the form of mad delight, and I sprang up and danced about the little room like a maniac. I don't quite remember what I danced; I only recollect that to my shame I became suddenly aware that I was whistling one of my own *galops*. This pitiful discovery brought me to myself; I quitted my room and the inn, and wandered out drunk with joy into the streets of Vienna.

My God! my sorrows had rendered me quite oblivious of the fact that I was in Vienna. How delightful I found the gay bustle of the denizens of the imperial city! I was in a state of enthusiasm, and looked on everything with an enthusiastic eye. The somewhat superficial sensuality of the Viennese appeared to me like fresh-pulsing life. Their frivolous and not over-nice fondness for pleasure was to me a natural and free sensitiveness for the beautiful. I investigated the five diurnal theatrical programmes. On one I caught sight of the words—

"*Fidelio*, an opera, by Beethoven."

I could not help going into the theatre, however miserably the harvest of my *galops* was reduced. When I took my place in the pit the overture was just beginning. This was the opera in a re-wrought form which, to the honour of the far-seeing Viennese public, had been damned under the title of *Leonore*. Even in its later shape I had never seen it represented; one can therefore imagine the delight with which I for the first time heard this splendid novelty. The *Leonore* was a very young girl who, notwithstanding her age, seemed already to have entered most deeply into the spirit of Beethoven. With what fire, with what poetic grasp, with what tragic power, did this extraordinary woman render her part! Her name was Wilhelmina Schroeder. To her belongs the immense credit of having initiated the German public in the mysteries of Beethoven, for on that evening I saw even the superficial Viennese carried away by the wildest enthusiasm. As for me, the heavens were opened; I was transfigured, and adored the genius who had led me, like Florestan, from prison darkness and clanking fetters to the light of day, and to glorious freedom.

I could not sleep that night. What I had just gone through, and what awaited me on the morrow, was too overpowering to take the form of a dream. I lay awake, gave way to my imagination, and prepared to appear before Beethoven. At last the dawn broke; with impatience I awaited the fitting hour for a morning call; that came, too, and I quitted my room. The greatest event

of my life was close at hand: the thought agitated me profoundly.

But there was yet one more terrible trial before me. Leaning coolly against the door-post of Beethoven's house, and evidently expecting me, I found my demoniacal persecutor—the Englishman! He had bribed everybody, and last, though not least, the landlord of the inn, who had read Beethoven's open note before it reached me, and had betrayed its contents to the Briton.

I fell into a cold sweat at the sight of him; my poetic, heavenly transport left me. I was again in his power.

"Come," said this terrible being, "let us present ourselves to Beethoven!"

At first I tried to lie myself out of it by pretending that I had no intention of calling; but he soon destroyed every hope of evasion by frankly avowing that he had got possession of my secret, and declaring that he would not separate from me till we were ushered from Beethoven's presence. I then sought by entreaties to move him from his purpose—in vain. I got into a passion—in vain. At last I essayed to defeat him by swiftness of foot: I shot up the stairs like an arrow, and tore savagely at the bell. Before it opened, however, my gentleman came up, and getting hold of my coat, said—

"Don't try to run away from me; I have a claim on your coat-tail, and I shall hold on to it till we stand before Beethoven."

Beside myself with horror, I turned and tried to get loose, and was half tempted to use my fists against the proud son of Britannia, when the door opened. An old servant appeared, who looked as black as night when she saw our strange position, and seemed minded to close it again without parley. In my terror I called my name out loudly, and assured her that I had been invited by Beethoven.

The old woman was still hesitating, for the sight of the Englishman seemed to make her justifiably suspicious, when all at once, by chance, Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his study. Making the most of my opportunity, I darted in and made towards the master, intending to make my excuses. Along with me, however, I had dragged the Englishman, for he still held on tight. He persisted in his purpose, and did not let me go till we both stood before Beethoven. I bowed, and stammered my name, and although he certainly did not hear me, he appeared to recognise me as the person who had written to him. He bade me step into his study, and, callous to Beethoven's look of amazement, my companion slipped in behind me.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, May, 1875.

OUR matter for report this time is but scanty, for the season is now over. During the Leipzig fair, which lasts about four weeks, the theatre offers to the numerous strangers visiting our town a *potpourri* of international music. At the Opera, Maestro Verdi's works have now been substituted for those of Rossini, and sometimes an opera by Mozart or Meyerbeer is interpolated.

Although hidden from the eyes of the outer world, an extraordinary and almost feverish activity prevails about this time at our Conservatoire, which always holds an

annual "breaking-up" at Easter. This establishment looks with pride upon a number of English musicians, who have received their musical education at Leipzig, and who are at present commendably active in the cause of musical progress. Sullivan, Dannreuther, John Francis Barnett, Seb. Mills, Perabo, O'Leary, and many other artists of British nationality completed their studies at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and are conclusive proofs of the high artistical gravity and conscientiousness with which the Leipzig Academy rears its pupils.

The principal laureate this time is a young pianoforte player, Herr Heinrich Ordenstein, from Worms, who justified great expectations, and has already obtained a high degree of efficiency. At the first public examination concert at the Gewandhaus on the 3rd May, Herr Ordenstein, who is only nineteen years of age, played the last two movements of Rubinstein's newest pianoforte concerto in E flat major. This concerto contains the most exorbitant and continuous difficulties we know of, and with exception of the *Don Juan* fantasia by Liszt, there is nothing to approach it in difficulty. He executed this task with such certainty and virtuosity, that it produced a universal burst of admiration. With regard to the choice of this composition, Herr Ordenstein was certainly attracted by its extraordinary difficulty. Although this last concerto by Rubinstein contains many fine and interesting passages, yet on the whole it is essentially inferior to the same master's D minor concerto, and it will hardly gain as many friends as the latter. The directors and masters of the Conservatoire have honoured Herr Ordenstein with a "premium."

A very excellent performance was also offered by Herr Albert Pestel from Moscow, who played the first movement of Vieuxtemps' E major concerto very tastefully and with elegant technique. Herr Pestel is to be congratulated on the possession of a fine Stradivarius.

A performance by the Riedel'sche Verein was particularly interesting through an excellent rendering of Locatelli's fine adagio, with which Herr Concertmeister Schradiek charmed a very numerous audience.

We have no further news to report, but use the opportunity of drawing attention to the recently published complete edition of choruses for male voices by Franz Schubert (Leipzig: Peters). There are in this collection four works of the utmost importance. The first, "Nachthelle" (Op. 134), was written in the year 1826, for tenor solo and four male voices, with pianoforte accompaniment. It is a truly charming work, full of tender and fine effects. The performance of this work, written in B flat major, would be improved by its being sung half a tone lower, in A major; it would then be easier to give the *pianissimos* with delicacy, and the *forte* passages would come out more powerfully.

"Ständchen" (Op. 135), the second of the set named, was composed in the year 1827. This work is arranged for a solo voice (alto or baritone) and four-part chorus of male voices, with pianoforte accompaniment. This piece is sung in Germany in the same manner as Schubert's 23rd Psalm, sometimes by male and sometimes by female chorus. The original pianoforte accompaniment has been finely and cleverly set for instruments by Carl Reinecke, for performance at the Gewandhaus.

An uncommonly grand work is the composition to Goethe's "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," for eight-part chorus of male voices, with accompaniment of violas, violoncellos, and contrabasses. We cannot understand how it is that this sublime composition is at present unknown to the greater part of the musical public. With a good chorus and orchestra, its effect is immense, and its

performance might be recommended for every musical festival. The composition dates from the year 1820, and is marked Op. 167.

An equally pretty and fresh composition is the "Nachtgesang im Walde" (Op. 139), composed in the year 1827, for four-part chorus of male voices, with accompaniment of four horns.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, May 12th, 1875.

THOUGH we have reached the month of May there are still some recent concerts of sufficient importance to be mentioned. The fourth and last concert of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde had but one work on the programme—*Odysseus* (scenes from the *Odyssey*), for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Max Bruch. It is a long work—so long, indeed, that some omissions were found to be necessary. After having been performed in many towns in Germany with considerable results, it was but just to have it also introduced at our concerts. But the effect was not the same; though some numbers are interesting enough to make an impression, the work as a whole was found tedious, and wanting in rich and vigorous invention. Nevertheless, both choruses and orchestra are well treated. Of the singers, only Herr Henschel, from Berlin, is worth naming; he gave a most admirable rendering of the part of *Odysseus*, and was much applauded. It was the last concert which Herr Brahms directed as conductor of this Society. He was most cordially applauded, and the many garlands with inscriptions which ornamented the front of his desk, proved how much he has been appreciated by the members of the chorus and orchestra. Another time I shall try to recapitulate the merits which the Society owes to this famous artist during his three years' engagement as conductor.

The third and last performance of the pupils of the Conservatoire was devoted to proofs of their operatic talent; the orchestra, composed of the pupils themselves, was led by the director, Herr Hellmesberger, and showed the excellent method of their ensemble playing. Scenes from *Norma*, *La Juive*, *Freischütz*, *Aida*, and others, were represented on the little stage, and the crowded concert-room resounded with the plaudits of the visitors. So many pupils—who are now in splendid positions at the first opera-houses—have been first introduced to the public under the judicious guidance of Frau Professor Marchesi, that these performances always excite great interest. Again, two pupils who have just finished their education are engaged—the one, Frl. Adele Gerster, for St. Petersburg and London; the other, Frl. Pauline Kunz, for Berlin.

Hellmesberger's sixth and last quartett concert, Hellmesberger playing the viola part, had another interesting programme, in Chopin's sonata, Op. 65. It was for the last time that Herr Röver was heard. Heinrich Röver, the well-esteemed violoncello-player, died this very morning; and as he was a member of the Hofkapelle, the Hofoper, and Professor of the Conservatoire, three places have become vacant.

The last private concert was one "risked" by the pianist Herr Paul von Schlözer, a virtuoso well known in Russia; his performance of Hensel's great concerto, Bach's toccata and fuga in D minor, and other difficult works showed great technical perfection, and gained him much well-deserved applause.

And now for the last concert, given and conducted by Richard Wagner, the musical hero of our time. The

programme consisted of four fragments from *Die Götterdämmerung*; three had been performed already; the new one, "Hagen's Wacht," again gave proof of the great genius which has led the hand of that great dramatic composer, who again was honoured in every way, as he always is when he appears at the head of his musical army.

Mme. Adelina Patti finished her representations in the Komische Oper on the 3rd of May; she performed there on thirteen evenings in the following operas:—*Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *La Traviata* (three times), *Dinorah*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere* (three times), *Margherita e Fausto* (twice), *Rigoletto*, and in a miscellaneous selection, consisting of scenes from four of the said operas. On each evening she excited the same enthusiasm; flowers seemed only to flourish to adorn the stage when she sang, and her consorts could receive every mark of favour, which in the very centre of excitement fell upon them, as a real distinction; but there were only two who were able to lay claim to that honour—M. Capoul and Sig. Zucchini. The gay house is standing now like a widow who has lost her third husband; a few days ago it was quite settled that this unfortunate playing-ball would fall into the hands of Mme. Geisteringer and Herr Steiner, the present directors of the Theater an der Wien; but such a coalition of two theatres has now been prohibited by the authorities. A somewhat sombre after-play, the imprisonment of Mlle. Wanda de Bogdani for debt, was terminated yesterday to the satisfaction of the town by her liberation. You may remember that only the other day I spoke in terms of praise of that distinguished singer, who, well versed in the Italian language as well as in French and German, knows how to satisfy the most critical hearers as Rosine, Susanne, and in similar rôles. Her speedy re-engagement would be a gain for herself and for any impresario.

The Hofoper is now living the life of a honeymoon—a new director, a new kapellmeister, and a new tenor; further in view new operas, a visit of Verdi, and an Italian season for next year! Herr Hans Richter introduced himself by conducting the *Meistersinger*, in which opera the omissions hitherto observed were partly restored—not to the profit of the opera as a whole, as it lasted more than four hours. Richter takes the time often slower, and in reverse the accents sharper, which shows an improvement in regard to clearness. His manner of conducting may be regarded as a model of firmness and steadiness. As second opera he conducted *Fidelio*, which for the first time at last was opened by the great *Leonore* overture (by omitting the smaller one of *Fidelio*). I regarded this as a sort of personal triumph, for I have always pleaded for this change, which now, I hope, will become one of general adoption. In this opera also the slower tempo was predominant, and often of great advantage. Richter, who was honoured with great applause, will next conduct *Lohengrin*, which he intends to give in its entirety. The performance of Verdi's *Requiem* will take place at the beginning of June, and shortly afterwards there will be two representations of *Aida*, with the ladies Stolz and Waldmann. The said Italian season (twenty-four evenings) will take place in April and May next year, with Mmes. Patti and Lucca, Sig. Nicolini, Capoul, Debassini, and Zucchini. I finish with the usual list of the operas performed since the 13th of last month:—*Hamlet*, *Tannhäuser*, *Aida*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Nordstern*, *Lohengrin*, *Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (twice), *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Faust*, *Freischütz*, *Die Apenhütte* (twice), *Oberon*, *Maskenball*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Hugenotten*, *Jüdin*, *Schwarze Domino*, *Afrikanerin*, *Fidelio*, *Tell*, *Mignon*, *Don Sebastian*.

Correspondence.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—As I am accused of throwing cold water over the pale wizard Chopin, and again of withholding from the most genial of tone-poets his well-merited laurel crown, I feel bound to say a few words in self-defence. Your March correspondent roams to such an alarming extent through the fields of literature, painting, and music, that he must excuse me if I decline to follow him in all his rambles. But I must refer to one or two points in his letter. After an excursion among the mountain torrents and glaciers of the Alps, he says, "To place original creative idea as inferior to the mere form is, to my thinking, much the same as regarding a man's clothes to be more valuable than his brains."

Now in my letter, I said, "that the form of a piece depended on the value of the idea or ideas." This statement in no way attributes superiority or inferiority either to the one or to the other, but merely establishes a law of relationship between the two. In speaking of idea and form in the abstract, nothing more can be asserted. We certainly could pass from the abstract to the concrete, and it would be easy to name compositions in which the two are not properly balanced—in some the idea being superior to the form—in others the reverse, just as we could point to men whose brains are superior to their clothes and vice versa. Again, I stated, as one of the causes of Chopin's music being "less prominent" than that of Haydn, Mozart, &c., the fact of his having only written for one instrument, viz., the pianoforte.

J. O. reminds me that that one instrument is universally called "the household orchestra." So it is, but unfortunately for J. O.'s argument, Chopin did not treat the pianoforte as such, but as a solo instrument, the resources and capabilities of which he developed to the highest possible degree.

Once again, he denies that Chopin's works are of an evanescent character. Also, Mr. C. K. L. in his letter on Chopin, in your last Number, is surprised that "any humble mortal should apply the epithet 'short-lived' to the music of a genius whose name has been inscribed on the roll of fame to endure for ever."

Now, I described the charm as evanescent, then proceeded to show how such charm could be artificially sustained for a time, and that only for a short time, then followed the "drooping and dying of the plant." In plain language, I meant that compositions of the class I was describing must be short. The "drooping and dying" did not refer to the duration of Chopin's fame. It was simply a humble attempt to say (like the man in Molière's play) in something better than prose—and then follows the coda and final conclusion of the piece. The greatest number and the best of Chopin's compositions are short, and the few long ones (with the exception, for special reasons, of the two concertos) afford a striking proof of the advisability of closing ere the charm be exhausted. I distinctly said in my letter that music such as Chopin's required the aid of the executant to give it life, and whenever an artist arises capable of interpreting such music, it lives again for the time in all its beauty and perfection. It would be invidious to mention names, for long and brilliant is the list of such artists, from the time when Liszt and Clara Schumann first took an interest in the works of the gifted Pole, down to the last great Chopin recital given by Dr. Bülow in London a short time ago.

As regards my appreciation of the music of Chopin, it will be sufficient to quote the following sentences from my original letter, which have been either overlooked or forgotten by my critics. (I specially call the attention of Mr. Laporte to the first sentence, which I think sufficiently indicates that I am not on the Beyer-Oesten track). "His music is full of sentiment without ever becoming sentimental; full of originality without being unnatural; full of simplicity without a trace of commonness." "His best works were 'cast in simple moulds,' not by mere chance or accident, but because Chopin knew exactly the frame or form best suited to his ideas. The most enthusiastic admirer of his music cannot say a word too much of the wonderfully delicate and appropriate workmanship with which he develops his ideas."

Chopin has justly earned a great name. His music is full of grace, romance, and emotional feeling, but we cannot say to him, "Friend, go up higher," and allow him to sit by the side of giants such as Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. But because (whether rightly or wrongly) I do not consider Chopin worthy of equal rank with the great names above quoted, I do not think it fair that I should be called one of Chopin's detractors, and accused of attempting to diminish the intrinsic worth of his works.—I remain, yours, &c.,

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—The admiration for Chopin displayed by a correspondent in the last Number of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, can hardly be shared by the musical world at large. Let every musician by all means take off his hat to the genius of Chopin, though he may not hold him to be "the most genial of tone-poets." Common courtesy would of course require them to give an additional bow to the tone-poets of "Leonore" and "Pastoral Symphony," "Hebriden" and "Seasons." But would any teacher advise a student in composition to take the pianoforte works of Chopin as a true guide, because of their originality? Would he also take them as a guide because of their strict or pure style, development of ideas, rhythm and form? Every one must admit that Chopin's compositions are original, and if played well, effective. But will his compositions last? Was Chopin one of those composers who gave a healthy stimulus to the progress of musical compositions for the pianoforte, say from Bach till now, or are his compositions only like an artificial offshoot of a plant, though beautiful and original but, unnatural and degenerate? Time, the best judge, can only show.—Yours truly,

Belfast, May, 1875.

LEO. KERBUSCH.

Reviews.

Frederick Chopin's Studies for the Pianoforte. Revised, and the fingering supplemented, by E. PAUER. Augener & Co.

A more appropriate time than the present could scarcely have been hit upon for the bringing out the new edition of these remarkable Studies. To musicians it has seemed for many years past a strange error in the caprice of fashion that the writings of a genius so gifted, so original, and, withal, so melodiously fascinating, should have been left so long unnoticed, or at most spoken of as "very nice, quite charming," but so "bizarre, outré, ungenial," and the like. We speak of course of our own country, for on the Continent Chopin's works have ever been recognised as the outpourings of a genius—peculiar, perhaps in its nature, but nevertheless of a sufficiently high order to be styled INVENTOR, and to exercise a lasting influence on all students of the instrument for which he wrote. After the Mozart and Dussek school of pianoforte writing and playing came that which may be said to be represented by Hummel, Cramer, and Moscheles, the fault of which was that it contained more of the constructive than the reflective element. Now Ruskin, the great critic, tells us that although the "technical and imaginative elements (in art) are as essentially united as (in humanity) the soul and body," yet as time progresses there is ever a strong "liability to the prevalence of the lower over the higher." This is true enough, and it requires the intuitive perception of a genius to keep the proper balance. The ideas of the true creator in art being based on, and co-existent with man's nature, and not merely his knowledge, the intellectual and conceptive must ever (with such) over-rule and give vitality to the executive. It is this which separates our Beethovens, Raphaels, and Shakespeares from the rest of the world, and it is the same faculty, belonging alone to the *genus irritabile vadium* that we see so strongly marked in the writings of Chopin, placing him so immeasurably above the school that immediately preceded him.

It may not be out of place here to consider the reasons why Frederick Chopin should have met with the "unmerited neglect" lately spoken of in the columns of the *Musical Record*, and also why he should now be growing so rapidly into public favour. One word will suffice to answer the first point—he was "ORIGINAL." Originality in the giver demands thought in the receiver, and that is a quality not often indulged in by the world, at any rate in connection with what they term their amusements. To receive a stone for bread is one of the penalties attached to genius; this, however, has its modifications, and in Chopin's case the metaphorical stone was not so very hard; for his "lines in life fell among pleasant places," and men of all classes of art, whether musicians, poets, or painters, as well as literary men of acknowledged learning with whom he was brought into contact, have unanimously and without hesitation agreed as to his musical supremacy—still, his works have undoubtedly been neglected, and most undeservedly, considering that they are indisputably at the head of the modern school of pianoforte writing and playing; and this neglect, we say, proceeded from the originality both of idea and treatment of idea. It could not be, as has been asserted, on account of the manipulative difficulties, for the school of pianoforte gymnastics usually called the Liszt and Thalberg school was received with rapture, and rapidly became popular—but then it did not pretend to be original.

Why is it then that originality in any shape is always mistrusted? We know that it is so; that there is not a branch of art or science but can furnish its quota to the noble army of martyrs, nor can all

the complainings, and grumbings at the world alter it; for, as Emerson quaintly observes, "No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes the object may be." And it is this preparation that has been going on year after year, till now we find arising amongst us a more general recognition of the man's genius.

How then is this? From the fact that throughout all Nature we never find anything that is real is lost. That which is good in any invention or utterance cannot die—it may be held in abeyance for a time, but it surely will crop up again, if not in its own shape, then in some other. Now Chopin's originality could not fail to attract the student of pianoforte music. He has undoubtedly powerfully influenced many of our writers, who have (oftentimes unconsciously) imitated him; and thus through a stream of pieces and songs—some that have attained popularity—Chopin, in one shape or another, has been constantly placed before the world. And, as in a mixture of races, the descendants will, in three or four generations, return to the general characteristics of the one dominant race of the two original parents, so the vigour of the original thinker has asserted itself in the stream of musical idea of which we have spoken, till when, of late years, some of our artists have performed his works, they have found audiences not only willing, but capable of appreciating them.

We have said that Chopin's works rank among the highest in the modern school of execution, and this more especially applies to his Preludes and Studies, of which it may be truly said they have left nothing to be desired.

In bringing forward this, the "only complete edition" of the Studies, Mr. Pauer is doing good service not only to the musical portion of the world, but to all. For wherever pianoforte music is studied—except in its simpler forms—these wonderful compositions should be. An admirable preface and a thematic index usher in the great Studies, numbering twenty-seven. The engraving is excellently clear, a great desideratum with works of any pretension, and as there can be but one opinion as to the importance and utility of the undertaking, we may fairly anticipate that the volume will not only be found in the library of every professional student, but will be sought for as a standard work by the musical public generally.

Six Miniature Sonatas for Pianoforte. By CARL REINECKE. Op. 136. Augener & Co.

We remember to have once heard the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, who had a holy horror of monster concerts, jokingly remark that he should like to give a concert on the smallest possible scale, and before the smallest possible audience. One cannot but surmise that it was perhaps from a similar feeling that diffidence is the besetting sin of so many of his contemporaries that Herr Reinecke was led to the composition of the set of pieces before us, which he has appropriately entitled "Miniature Sonatas." Like Bennett's projected concert, they are on the smallest possible scale. Some of the movements of several of them are contained within sixteen bars; there is one with a theme of four bars, followed by three variations of a like number of bars, and a coda of double that number. Notwithstanding their brevity they are remarkable for the abundance and freshness of the ideas they contain. Bearing in mind that it is generally easier to write one long piece than two short ones, one cannot but wonder that Herr Reinecke should have refrained from further extending them. Elsewhere he has shown that he by no means lacks the power of development; here he has proved the exuberance of his ideas. Of course they are intended for young players. From their melodious and refined character they cannot prove otherwise than attractive and beneficial.

Richard Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Elsa's Dream," "Elsa's Bridal Procession to the Cathedral," "Epithalamium and Bridal Song." Transcriptions by F. LISZT. Revised by E. Pauer. Augener and Co.

It is due to Liszt's prescience and instinct that *Lohengrin* was first brought to a public hearing at Weimar now nearly a quarter of a century ago. From the success which has since attended his works, we may feel sure that anything that Liszt undertakes in behalf of his friend Wagner will be carried out *con amore*. And this, we find, he has done in the pieces before us, which are among the most favourite movements from Wagner's opera. The well-known fact that Liszt is the author of some of the most difficult pianoforte music in existence doubtless often deters amateurs from looking at anything that bears his name. It cannot, therefore, be too widely made known that in these transcriptions it has not been his aim to supply pieces for digital display, but to reproduce, in as truthful a manner as it is possible to do on the pianoforte, the general effect of Wagner's full score. This he has succeeded in doing with remark-

able cleverness and effect, and in a way which will not unduly tax practised players of ordinary ability. It should be added, however, that, of the three, the "Epithalamium" is the most difficult. But its difficulty is apparent rather than real, from the fact that much of it is written in a stave of three lines.

Marche des Fantassins, GUILLAUME H. WALL; *Marche Héroïque,* JACOB BRADFORD, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; *The Rippling Stream,* Valse, JAMES DOWNEY; *Moonrise,* R. F. HARVEY.

THESE are piano compositions of most ordinary type, containing but little idea, and betraying a deficiency of technical knowledge that is too prevalent a feature in most productions of the kind. "Moonrise," which might more appropriately be styled "Moonshine," is one of the worst examples of its class, and the publication of it is a libel on the musical taste of this well-abused "nation of shopkeepers."

The Royal Installation, C. H. R. MARRIOTT. (Scrutton and Co.) A *pièce d'occasion*, and scarcely worthy of the event it is intended to commemorate. The title-page is, however, exceedingly good.

Ada, Valse, W. R. COLBECH (Hopkinson, Leeds). *Moonlight on the Lake,* C. A. EHRENFECHESTER (Hutchings and Romer). *The Festival March,* J. C. DUNSTER (Hopwood and Crewe). *Twelve Waltzes,* J. KINROSS (C. Jefferys). *The Liverpool Triumphant March,* J. E. WEBSTER (Dreaper, Liverpool). *Impromptu in A,* A. J. BARTH (Weekes and Co). *Andantino in A,* RULOFF (Cramer and Co).

NONE of the above-named compositions call for any special remark. The Art is certainly not advanced by their publication, but as they are written with tolerable correctness, we have no doubt that they will all find acceptance in some amateur circles.

The Fairy Glen Waltzes, A. F. DELMAR (Weekes). *Bacchante Waltzes,* W. MOUNTNEY (Brayshaw, Chesterfield).

THESE Waltzes are characterised by so much graceful and fluent melody, that we earnestly counsel their respective authors to bestow a little more attention to the study of composition before their next attempt, as we feel quite sure that the result will be the production of a thoroughly satisfactory specimen of their ability. In the present instance, untowardly-constructed harmonies mar the effect of that which would otherwise be to a certain extent interesting matter. By the way, the hideous portrait on the title-page of "The Bacchante," is sufficient to cause any ordinarily susceptible young person a fearful attack of nightmare.

Twilight. Musical Sketch for Piano. A. HEMSTOCK. Bertini and Co.

BAD enough to be a suitable companion to "Moonrise," before noticed.

Original Pieces for the Organ. By SCOTSON CLARK. "The Russian March," "Marche Anglaise," "March, in A," "Prayer," "Impromptu," "Communion, in F," "Melody, in E flat." Augener and Co.

THE faculty of writing music which shall satisfy the popular taste, while it commends itself also to that of the professional critic, is a rare one; and the temptation to consult the former rather than the latter must be great in the case of one who has already succeeded in that direction. The pieces above named are clearly the product of a musician's mind, and, although the ideas are sometimes less significant, the melodies are always flowing and pleasing. The following numbers will all be found effective on any organ of average resources:—"The Russian March," which is one of the best marches we have seen from Mr. Clark's pen (and in which is introduced the Russian National Air by way of "Trio"); the "Prayer" (No. 33), a simple and agreeable melody; and the "Impromptu" (No. 35), which is in the style of the late Lefebure-Wely. The remaining compositions will doubtless find their admirers, but we give the preference to those already mentioned.

Adagio con molto espressione, for the Organ. By HENRY HOUSELEY. Weekes and Co.

THIS composition shows a commendable striving after symmetry of form. Greater experience will probably enable its author to gain still more coherence of style, and at the same time to obtain that

desirable contrast in the themes which is to some extent wanting in the present movement.

The Widow of Nain, an Oratorio. By JOHN ABRAM, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Weekes and Co.

AN oratorio obviously written as an exercise for a musical degree scarcely calls for detailed criticism at the hands of a musical reviewer. The composer may well rest satisfied with the importance of the fact that his work has been passed by the examiners, thus proving that the required standard has been reached. However, having carefully gone through the whole of the twenty-four numbers of the oratorio under consideration, we may make a few general remarks. First, then, the composer seems to have felt oppressed by the necessity of maintaining real parts in his eight-voice choruses. Had he introduced more frequent rests, or oftener allowed the first and second basses and tenors (or others) to sing in unison, he would have avoided some involved writing, with an occasional clumsy progression, and a want of repose which makes itself felt at times. An examination of the part-writing in Bach's (St. Matthew) Passion or in Mendelssohn's eight-part psalms will illustrate our meaning.

To say truth, the part-writing is not always of the purest, even when fewer than eight voices are employed. We need not multiply examples; but such strange progressions as that in bar 2 of the opening phrase of the quartett (No. 4), or the false relation between bars 2 and 3, line 2, page 47, are not entirely isolated instances.

There are, however, many evidences of true feeling displayed throughout this work; and passages capable of producing much effect are to be found therein.

It is pleasant also to record an impression produced upon us by a perusal of the oratorio, viz., that the songs become more interesting towards the end. Indeed, the baritone solo, "Behold, O Lord," and the song for contralto, "O taste and see," are among the best portions of the whole work. This seems to indicate a growth of power, and it is not improbable that, should we ever meet Dr. Abram under circumstances of greater freedom, his music will be altogether more fully to our liking than is his "Exercise."

Festival Anthem, "I was glad." Composed for the Choir Festival at St. Paul's, Paddington, on St. Paul's Day, 1875. By JACOB BRADFORD, Mus. Bac. Oxon. F. Pitman.

AN anthem written under special conditions, and necessarily completed within a certain time, is not always a fair specimen of a composer's work. We must, therefore, congratulate the present author upon having produced a composition which is in the main well and effectively written. It consists of the following numbers:—No. 1, chorus; No. 2, recitative, bass and tenor, and choral recitative; No. 3, tenor solo quartett; No. 4, recitative, tenor; No. 5, chorus and fugue. The opening movement is constructed with some regard to form, and, although we must take exception to an awkward progression on the third line of page 2, the chorus contains some good part-writing.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 call for no special comment, but the little fugue which concludes the work may be noticed as well put together. This movement is not developed to any remarkable extent, but it forms a fitting *finale*, and shows the composer's ability to some advantage.

Ask me no more, Madrigal, by CLEVELAND WIGAN (Lamborn Cock), is a good imitation of the style of the old English writers.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, set to the third and eighth Gregorian tones, by JACOB BRADFORD, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Novello and Co.), will be found a useful addition to the increasing stock of easy church music.

Concerts, &c.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THOUGH by no means unmindful of the fact that, at the instigation of Mme. Goldschmidt-Lind and the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, this Society was the first to bring Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* to a hearing in England as long ago as 1856, and that several of his most important orchestral works have from time to time been since heard at their concerts, we cannot think that all the consideration has been shown to this master's works that their importance demands. The introduction of works by Schumann at three concerts in succession, it is to be hoped, may be accepted as an earnest for the future.

Of Schumann's pianoforte concerto—which, thanks to the ready acceptance it has met with at the hands of the best pianists, has been more frequently heard than any other of his orchestral works—we spoke last month in our report of the second concert. At the third concert it was Schumann's symphony, No. 1, in B flat, Op. 38, which formed the chief item of interest. Though the performance was neither so spirited nor so refined as one as those of the same work to which Mr. Manns has accustomed us at the Crystal Palace, it was nevertheless received with such genuine enthusiasm by the audience generally, that there could not be a shadow of doubt of the high estimation in which Schumann has at length come to be held. A hearing of A. Rubinstein's concerto in G, for violin and orchestra, Op. 46, at the hands of Herr Wilhelmj, might have proved a special feature of interest had it been given in its entirety. As it was, Herr Wilhelmj contented himself with playing only the first two movements, and these he gave in reversed order. After hearing but a portion of the work presented in so in-artistic and distorted a manner, it would be manifestly absurd to offer an opinion of its merits as a whole. One could not, however, fail to recognise its generally melodious character, its skilful and effective orchestration, and its brilliancy as a piece of display for the principal executant; of the latter Herr Wilhelmj took the fullest advantage, but it was with his subsequent performance of a romance of his own, and a paraphrase of one of Chopin's nocturnes, which was as pleasing as it was surprisingly skilful, that he made the deepest impression. The overtures were Mendelssohn's "Melusine," and Beethoven's "Leonore" (No. 3). The "War March of Priests," from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which took the place of Wagner's "Huldigungs" march, originally announced, completed the instrumental scheme. Mme. Elena Corani, the only vocalist, seemed indisposed. That she was heard at her best either in the aria "Come scoglio," from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, or in "Elizabeth's Prayer," from *Tannhäuser*, cannot be said.

The fourth concert commenced with Mozart's symphony in D, announced as "No. 43, Köchel," but perhaps more generally known as the "Haffner" symphony. The work by Schumann that we have already alluded to as finding a place in the programme was the charming gipsy chorus, "Zigeunerleben," Op. 29, No. 3, which was well sung, and pleased so much that it was redemanded and repeated. Herr, or Sig., Ludovico Bretnier (whichever he should be styled), a native of Trieste, and a pupil of Herr Rubinstein, gave ample proof of the possession of extraordinary power as an executant, by his capital rendering of Liszt's very difficult concerto in E flat, No. 1, for pianoforte and orchestra. One could not but remark that his reading of the work materially differed from that which we heard at the hands of Mrs. Beesley on the previous Saturday; while his was the most forcible, that of the lady was marked by the most refinement and feeling. Points, too, in the instrumentation came out more clearly under Dr. von Bülow's direction than under that of Mr. Cusins. The second part of the programme, which was far too long a one, was devoted to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, No. 9. In one sense it was a jubilee performance, seeing that fifty years had just elapsed since this stupendous work was first brought to a hearing in England by this Society. When we call to mind that the ninth symphony was one of the works selected by Mr. Cusins for performance during the first season that he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, it will readily be conjectured that it is a work on which he had already bestowed especial attention. It is just to this conclusion that we should have come on hearing it on the present occasion, if we had not known it as a fact. The general performance, on which more than ordinary pains had evidently been bestowed, was one of more than usual merit. The principal vocal parts were sustained by Mme. Blanche Cole, Mlle. Enequist, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Wadmore, and the chorus consisted exclusively of professional singers. Mr. Cusins may fairly be congratulated on the general result, but especially on the attainment in the slow movement of a genuine Beethovenian adagio, which more nearly approached that adopted by Wagner at the memorable performance of the work at Bayreuth in 1872 than any other we can recall, and by which he also proved the fallacy of the assertion made by some conductors that it is impossible for the wind instrumentalists to play in tune at so slow a pace as that indicated by the composer.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

OWING to the presence of Dr. von Bülow, and to its being the last occasion of his appearance in England previous to his departure for America, where he has engaged for a series of no less than a hundred and eighty performances (1), the second of these concerts, which are now being given under the joint direction of Dr. Wyld and Herr Ganz, attracted a more than usually numerous audience. The interest of the scheme centred in the appearance of Dr. von Bülow,

and in the *début* of his pupil, Mrs. Boesley, who, as an amateur, was formerly a pupil of Mr. Hallé, but has latterly been studying under Dr. von Bülow with a view to making music her profession. Her most daring essay, in which she was eminently successful, was her rendering from memory of Liszt's enormously difficult concerto in E flat, No. 1, for pianoforte and orchestra, the well-going of which by the band Dr. von Bülow secured by undertaking the conducting of it himself. In company with Dr. von Bülow she was heard also to great advantage in Bach's concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes and orchestra, and in Schumann's andante and variations in A flat, Op. 46, for two pianofortes. It is pleasing, too, to be able to record the success of another *débutante*, Mlle. Thékla Friedländer, a pupil of Dr. Ferd. Hiller, and Herr Schneider, of Cologne. It may be said of this young lady, who comes to us with credentials from the Gewandhaus Leipzig, and other Continental cities, that she possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of a very agreeable quality, which she makes use of with intelligence and refinement. She was heard in Lotti's air, "Pur dicesti," an air by Mozart, and in songs by Schumann and Hiller. When she had overcome the nervousness which is almost inseparable from a first appearance in London, her power of pleasing at once asserted itself. Her rendering of Hiller's taking song, "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär," which was as effective as it was unaffected, secured for her a unanimous encore. The orchestral pieces presented included Beethoven's symphony in C minor, No. 5, Mendelssohn's overture, "The Hebrides," and that to Auber's *Le Domino Noir*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

A SERIES of six Saturday Summer Concerts was commenced on the 15th ult. From the prospectus with which the projected programme of each was issued it is satisfactory to find that they will be of a character more in keeping with the winter concerts than in former years has been the case with those given in summer. The most important item included in the programme of the first concert was Beethoven's choral fantasia, in which the principal vocal parts were sustained by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Sig. Foli, with Mr. C. Hallé at the pianoforte. The orchestral works were Schubert's symphony in B minor (unfinished), and the overtures to Rossini's *William Tell* and Wagner's *Rienzi*. A song apiece from each of the three vocalists, who were also heard together in Barnett's popular trio, "This Magic-wave Scarf" (*Mountain Sylph*), and pianoforte solos by Schubert and Mendelssohn contributed by Mr. Hallé, completed the scheme.

Beethoven's choral symphony, in which the principal vocal parts were sustained by Mlle. Levier, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Santley, formed the leading feature of the second concert. Mme. Norman-Néruda was heard in Spohr's concerto in A minor (*scena cantante*), and, besides a song from each of the four vocalists, there were the overtures to Weber's *Oberon* and Auber's *Masaniello*.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

THE announcement of two performances, at high prices and on a large scale, of Verdi's *Requiem*, under the immediate direction of the *maestro* himself, seemed a bold step on the part of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.; but, if we may judge from the fact that the favourable reception generally accorded to the new work led to two further repetitions of it at popular prices of admission, it appears to have been one which has been fraught with success. Verdi's *Requiem* was composed in memory of the Italian poet and patriot, Alessandro Manzoni, and was performed for the first time on the anniversary of his death, May 22, 1874, in the church of St. Mark, at Milan. It was shortly after heard at the Opéra Comique at Paris; and, like Rossini's Mass, has since been hawked about the country as a concert piece. That it has been heard in London within a year of its first performance is a piece of luck upon which Sig. Verdi may fairly congratulate himself, when we reflect that it took nigh upon a quarter of a century for *Lohengrin* to find its way to these shores. But what is more surprising is that we should find so many speaking with enthusiasm of Verdi's *Requiem*, who in the previous week had confessed that never in their lives had they been so powerfully impressed by anything as by their first experience of a performance of *Lohengrin*. Such a universality of taste, the possession of which might tend to make life easier and more enjoyable, is perhaps to be envied, but we confess we can lay no claim to it. With the best will in the world we have read the pianoforte score of Verdi's *Requiem* through and through, and heard it performed, but without arriving at that satisfactory conclusion as to its merits that some have done. Some critics have already objected to the work as being of too dramatic a character for sacred music. We do not go along with them, else we should have to condemn

some of the most striking of the choruses in Bach's *Passion* music, and a large portion of Beethoven's Mass in D, &c. But we do think that a distinction should be drawn between "dramatic" and "theatrical" music. Verdi's music to the *Requiem*, especially as regards portions of his setting of the "Dies Irae," to our thinking certainly comes under the latter head. Where he has aimed at depicting the terrors of the "Day of Wrath," he is ludicrously realistic and vulgarly theatrical. It is only, therefore, from an Italian or French point of view that his work can be regarded as partaking of a sacred or devotional character. Verdi's work has been spoken of as highly original, and so it is, inasmuch as it differs in style from that of all his operas except *Aida*, which is said to have been conceived in a similar vein. But, without multiplying examples, it may be said that it is easy to trace his treatment of the "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" with many trumpets to a similar but far more effective device employed by Berlioz in his grand setting of the *Requiem*; and we cannot but think that the unaccompanied treatment of the voices in octaves in the "Agnus Dei" may be due to the tricky unisonous prelude in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*. Would-be contrapuntists have spoken with admiration of the "Sanctus," as a chorus in eight real parts. It is, in fact, a double chorus, and the simultaneous occurrence of all eight parts is as rare as its generally blatant, brassy, military-band-like treatment is distressing. In his attempt at fugue-writing here, as well as elsewhere, Verdi finds himself as much out of his natural element as did Rossini in his Mass. Apart from these objections it is evident that Sig. Verdi approached the task he set himself with genuine enthusiasm and deep earnestness, as is made apparent by the many alterations introduced in the later editions of his work, if not also on other accounts. His orchestration, which is on the most extended modern scale, is often happily conceived, but that the many experiments which he has risked in this direction are always crowned with success in their effect cannot be said. On the other hand, his skill as a perfect master of vocal art is made fully apparent by the manner in which he has laid out his vocal parts.

Though we are unable to express admiration for Sig. Verdi's new work, we should have been very sorry to miss hearing it performed. Those who can appreciate really good singing, and omitted to be present at one of these performances, missed an artistic treat seldom offered. A more perfect quartet of vocalists than Mme. Stolz, Mme. Waldemann, Sig. Massini, and Sig. Medini, has seldom been brought together. Among the pieces which met with the most general approval were the duet for the two ladies, "Recordare, Jesu pie!" the offertory (for quartet); and the duet with chorus, again for the ladies, "Agnus Dei." Sig. Verdi showed himself at all points an excellent conductor. The singing of the choruses by the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, who had been carefully drilled by Mr. J. Barnby before Sig. Verdi came upon the scene, and the playing of the band of 150 performers, led by Messrs. Sainton and Carrouds, were alike excellent.

ALEXANDRA PALACE, MUSWELL HILL.

ON the 1st of May this magnificent edifice was thrown open to the public. Owing, doubtless, in a large measure to the sympathy created by the lamentable end of the former palace two years since, the event was looked forward to with much interest, and even the inclement weather was powerless to keep away the brilliant gathering that had determined by their presence to publicly testify their appreciation of the indomitable energy and determination shown by the directors in thus rapidly re-constructing, on even a more extended scale, a building whose destruction had involved them in such enormous loss. The opening ceremonies have been so fully described by our contemporaries, that we simply propose to deal with the purely musical portion of the scheme. The direction of the inaugural concert in the Central Hall—which will comfortably seat upwards of 1,200 persons—was undertaken by Sir Michael Costa, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the performance. The band and chorus, numbering about 2,000, were unusually efficient. Whether in consequence of the superior acoustic qualities of the new building, or the care exercised in excluding performers whose capabilities did not warrant their presence, we know not, one fact is certain—the body of tone produced, no less than the minute attention to details of light and shade, was such as is seldom heard in this country. Much has been said as to the exclusion of English music on this occasion, but it must be borne in mind that the event had no real musical significance; it was simply the opening of a place of entertainment, and the audience being an entirely miscellaneous one, we think the directors exercised sound discretion in selecting music that was well known, and calculated to produce a striking effect in such a gigantic auditorium. Anything better for this purpose than the

"Inflammatus" of Rossini could not have been found, and the same remark will apply to most of the other numbers of the programme. At six o'clock Mr. Frederic Archer, the appointed organist of the Company, gave a recital on the grand organ (although it was in a very unfinished condition), which was attentively listened to by an assemblage of upwards of 10,000 people. This gigantic instrument, now entirely completed, is perhaps the finest specimen of the organ-builder's art ever constructed, both in point of tone and mechanical excellence, and reflects great credit on Mr. Henry Willis, the builder. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Archer's daily recitals attract large audiences.

The real musical history of the Northern Palace may be considered to have commenced on Monday May 3rd, as on that day the orchestra of the Company had to rely on their unaided resources. The conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill—a man who, from his long experience and technical knowledge, is eminently fitted for the post to which he has been appointed—has succeeded in enlisting the services of orchestral players many of whom, especially in the wind department, are unrivalled. Names like Svendsen, Horton, Snelling, Hutchings, Van Haute, Howard, Reynolds, McGrath, S. Hughes, and Hawly, speak for themselves. The "stringed" department—if we except Mr. C. W. Doyle, who is *facile princeps* wherever the violin is concerned—although less known to fame, are none the less excellent; and from the fact of a large proportion being pupils of Mr. Hill at the Royal Academy, they work the more conscientiously under the bâton of their honoured master, and the result is an unanimity of bowing and amount of tone that is excellent.

The daily concerts at 1.30 have been well attended. The programme always includes one or more classical works, relieved by lighter compositions, instrumental solos, &c. The Saturday Popular Concerts have attracted large audiences, who have from time to time audibly expressed their satisfaction. On the 8th instant a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* worthily prefaced the series. The excellence of the orchestra was well manifested in the symphony, the performance of which was marked by perfect colouring, intelligent reading, and masterly execution. The second part was devoted to miscellaneous pieces, the solo vocalists being Miss Anna Williams, Miss Enriquez, and Miss Boutal, all of whom sang admirably.

At the second concert G. A. Macfarren's cantata, "May Day," was produced, Miss Rose Hersee and Sig. Campobello being the solo vocalists. Herr Wilhelmj played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and detached pieces from Chopin and Bach—transcriptions of his own—in the former of which he had the assistance of Mr. Archer as accompanist. The entire performance was again worthy of all concerned.

On the 22nd the orchestra won fresh laurels by their rendering of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. The vocalists were Mme. Corani, Miss Boutal, and Sig. Foli. Mlle. Marie Krebs gave a fine rendering of Sir W. S. Bennett's pianoforte concerto in F minor, in which she was ably seconded by the band, the combined performance being thoroughly appreciated by the large and intelligent audience present.

On Saturday the 22nd ult., a miscellaneous programme was provided, in the exposition of which Mme. Sinico, Sig. Urio, and Sig. Campobello assisted, as well as the Alexandra Palace Choir, a highly efficient body of chorists, who are also trained by Mr. Weist Hill.

It may be mentioned that all these performances were given in the Concert Room, a finely proportioned hall at the western end of the building, seating an audience of 3,500 persons. On Whit Monday, a huge popular concert, which embraced the services of Mmes. Titiens and Antoinette Sterling, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and other well-known vocalists, together with four military bands and a host of other entertainments, attracted 94,250 persons to the building.

On May 3rd the Theatre was also opened for operetta and ballet, the music for the latter being specially composed by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who has succeeded in producing good and thoroughly interesting work. This building, situated at the east end of the palace, holds an audience of 4,000, and its capacities are daily tested by a throng intent on enjoying the magnificent spectacular effects of the terpsichorean production.

During the present month four opera concerts are promised, at which Mmes. Patti, Albani, Nilsson, and the other stars of the operatic firmament will assist, and the directors have displayed a liberality that will, we feel sure, obtain a recognition from the music-loving public. It is also the intention of the management to make a special feature of the production of new or unknown musical works of importance, both English and foreign; and there is every reason to hope that the opening of the Alexandra Palace will greatly assist in promoting musical taste.

MUSICAL UNION MATINÉES.

THE *ensemble* playing at the second matinée was again of the highest No. 2, and Mendelssohn's in E minor, Op. 44. M. Duvernoy, order. The string quartets presented were Mozart's in D minor, from Paris, was the pianist. Though Professor Ella admits his "lack of *l'éponge* at the tip of the fingers," he seems to regard him as a favourite. Though his style of playing is more forcible than charming, he did good service, with MM. Papini and Lasserre, in Beethoven's trio in B flat, Op. 97. For his solos, which met with much applause, he selected Chopin's nocturne in F minor, the gavotte from Bach's "English" suite in D minor, and one of the most difficult of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises."

At the third matinée the pianoforte predominated, there being only one string quartet, viz., Mendelssohn's in E flat, Op. 12, No. 2. This is a work which always pleases, and as usual the canonetta evoked an encore. Another new pianist, Mme. Montigny-Rémaury, whose credentials are the success which she has met with in Paris, made a very favourable impression by her playing in Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, and in Rubinstein's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D, Op. 18, as well as by the solos she made choice of—viz., a gavotte in E minor, by M. Silas, and a tarantella by Charles Wéhle, which secured for her a recall. A similar compliment was also awarded to Sig. Papini after his performance of a larghetto of his own composing.

MR. C. HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

MR. C. HALLÉ commenced his fifteenth series of "pianoforte recitals" at St. James's Hall, on Friday, the 7th ult., to be continued on seven successive Friday afternoons. It seems hardly necessary to recall the fact that these so-called "pianoforte recitals" of Mr. Hallé have long ceased to be "recitals," properly so called; at the same time it may be remarked that they are not inappropriately styled "pianoforte recitals," from the fact that in nearly every work presented the pianoforte is the predominating instrument. As was the case last season, Mr. Hallé has again secured the services of Mme. Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Franz Néruda, as his coadjutors. The programme of Mr. Hallé's first recital, though it included no actual novelty, was one of great excellence. The concerted works brought forward were Brahms' quintet in F minor, Op. 34; Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3; and Mozart's sonata in A major, No. 17, for violin and pianoforte. For his solo Mr. Hallé made choice of Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1.

At the second "recital," which was graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the concerted works were Spohr's trio in E minor, Op. 119—a pleasing work, but one too much marked by mannerism and monotony—and Beethoven's variations on the air "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu." Mme. Norman-Néruda was heard alone in a cavatina in D, by J. Raff, and in Leclair's "Tambourin," in the same key, both very pleasing and effective works; and Mr. Hallé in excerpts from different works by Bach, consisting of a præludium, an aria, a passépied, and a gigue.

Two works were brought forward for the first time by Mr. Hallé at his third "recital," viz., a quartet in G major, Op. 50, by F. Kiel, and a trio in E flat, No. 5, by Haydn. On any work by the last-named master, who is always welcome, comment would be superfluous at the present day. On the other hand, of Friedrich Kiel little enough is known in England. Born at Puderbach, on the Lahn, in 1821, and educated under Professor Dehn, in Germany he has long been esteemed as belonging to the conservative school of musicians, but as one who, while adhering to the old-established forms, aims at infusing a modern spirit into his compositions. The quartet in question, on a first hearing, struck us as straightforward and pleasing enough, but wanting in vigour. A noticeable point was the treatment of the slow movement with the strings muted, but it was the finale which, by its more vivacious character, made the most favourable impression. For his solos Mr. Hallé made choice of Beethoven's seldom-heard but beautiful sonata in F sharp, Op. 78, followed by a nocturne in E, Op. 62, and a mazurka in C sharp minor, by Chopin; but the most taking item of the programme, which ensured a recall for Mme. Norman-Néruda and Mr. Hallé, was Schubert's grand fantasia, Op. 159, for violin and pianoforte, which is among the most brilliant of his chamber works.

In addition to the above, a number of concerts have been given which fairly demand a more detailed notice than at this busy season of the year we are in a position to give. It must suffice, therefore, to record as facts the "pianoforte recitals" by Mme. Marie Angelo,

Miss Florence May, and Mlle. Marie Krebs, of whom the last-named lady has announced a second for the 2nd inst.

Messrs. J. Ludwig and H. Daubert have commenced a series of four classical chamber concerts at the New Gallery, 7, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus. The dates of their remaining two concerts are June 9th and 23rd.

Summary of Country News.

[Under this heading we publish news obtained from occasional correspondents or local papers. We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed therein.]

ABERDEEN.—On the 30th April Haydn's First Mass in B flat was performed in Blackfriars Congregational Church, when the Rev. Joseph Vickery also delivered a highly interesting lecture on Haydn's instrumental music. The Mass was performed by the choir of Blackfriars Church, assisted by several efficient members of the chorus and band of the Choral Union. The music consists of twelve numbers, with English words, added and adapted by Mr. R. G. Loraine. The band was under the leadership of Mr. J. N. Justice, while the choir was conducted by Mr. Robert Youngson.

BATH.—On the 15th ult. Mr. George Riseley gave an Organ Recital at the Colston Hall. The programme consisted of "The Bridal Chorus," from Wagner's *Lohengrin*; Suppé's Overture, "Le Poète et le Paysan;" and other works, amongst which J. L. Roedel's "Air du Dauphin" was encored.

BROOKLYN.—On the 17th April the Philharmonic Society gave their fifth concert of the season at the Academy of Music. The most important works performed were Mozart's B flat Symphony; Beethoven's C minor Concerto, Op. 37; Rubinstein's "Faust," Op. 68; Barcarole, from the fourth Concerto, by W. S. Bennett; and Liszt's Symphonische Dichtungen No. 3, "Tasso lamento e trionfo." The pianist on this occasion was Mr. Richard Hoffman.

CLIFTON.—The season of the Clifton Winter Entertainments was brought to a close by the proprietor and manager, Mr. J. C. Daniel, giving a grand Soirée Musicale, at the Victoria Rooms, on the 7th ult. The artistes engaged were Chevalier Lemmens, who played a series of pieces on the grand organ; a solo pianist, Miss Townsend; and as vocalists, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, and her sister, Mlle. Jose Sherrington.

DERBY.—Mr. W. W. Woodward, Organist of St. Marie's Catholic Church, gave an Organ Recital on the new organ recently erected in his studio. The selections performed, from the Sonatas of Mendelssohn, Fugues by J. S. Bach, and various pieces from other eminent writers for the organ, brought out its fine quality of tone. The organ contains three complete manuals—cc to A in alt.; pedals, 30 notes; two independent stops, viz., sub-bass 16 ft., and violoncello 8 ft.-tone; total number of stops, 18. Built by Mr. J. M. Grunwell, of this town.

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark gave two Recitals on the organ at the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures on the 14th ult. At the first he performed a selection of English and German Music, and at the second a selection of Italian and French Music.

LEEDS TOWN HALL CONCERTS.—The concert given on the 15th ult. was announced as having the additional attraction of the decorations used on the occasion of the ball given by the Mayor in honour of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, but only a portion of these decorations had been left by Messrs. Defries. The vocalists were Miss Smythe, Miss M'Donagh, Mr. E. Kemp, and Mr. Charlesworth Prince, together with the Part Song Union; Dr. Spark conducting and presiding at the organ. Miss M'Donagh made her first appearance at these concerts. She possesses a good contralto voice, and promises to be an acquisition to the vocal resources of the district. Miss Smythe and Mr. Kemp were encored, as was also the Part Song Union. Dr. Spark played his new Festival March.

LIVERPOOL.—On 5th inst. the members of the Societa Armonica gave a complimentary concert to their conductor (Mr. Armstrong) and leader (Mr. H. Lawson), who have efficiently performed their duties for twelve and ten years respectively. The artistes were Madame Billinie Porter, Miss F. Armstrong, Mr. H. C. Harrison, and Mr. T. J. Hughes. The vocal gems of the evening were L'Arditi's Valse, admirably sung by Madame B. Porter, and "Quis est Homo," which was rendered by Madame B. Porter and Miss Armstrong. The instrumental portion of the programme comprised the Overture to "Zampa," Schubert's "Rosamunde" music, the Overture to "Martha," &c.

STOCKPORT.—The Stockport Choral Society gave an excellent performance of Dr. Bridge's Oratorio, "Mount Moriah," on Tuesday evening, the 11th ult. The reception of the work, as well as of the composer who conducted, was most enthusiastic. The band (led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, of Manchester) and chorus numbered upwards of 100 performers, and the way in which they performed their arduous duties was worthy of all praise. The principals were, Miss Bristow, Narrator; Master Whitehead, Angel; Mr. R. R. Ambler, Isaac; and Mr. Ellis, Abraham. Mr. Ambler and Mr. Ellis received a well merited encore for their singing of the beautiful duet, "O Lord our God;" and Master Whitehead received a like compliment for the exquisite manner in which he sang the portion allotted to the Angel, the effect being much enhanced by the judicious accompaniment of the harp, by Miss Lockwood. The second part of the concert consisted of a selection from the "Creation," two organ solos by Dr. Bridge, and "Waft her, angels" (Jephtha), well sung by Mr. Ambler.

WINDSOR.—The third and concluding concert of the season, given by the Windsor and Eton Choral Society, took place in the Town Hall on the 13th ult. The piece selected for performance was Handel's Oratorio, "Judas

Maccabæus." The solos were taken by Miss Bessie Stroud of the London concerts, Master Whitehouse, Mr. A. Marriott of St. George's Chapel, Mr. Mellor (tenor), and Mr. O. Christian (bass) of Eton College Chapel. The orchestra numbered some 60 or 70 performers; the choral portion being strengthened by members from the choirs of St. George's and Eton College Chapels. The instrumental portion was all that could be desired. Mr. Liddle officiated as leader of the band, Mr. C. Hancock presided at the harmonium, and Sir George Elvey conducted.

WORCESTER.—If a successful advent forebodes success in the future—and it often is the case—then the members of the recently resuscitated Worcester Philharmonic Society may congratulate themselves upon having started on the right road, for their performance of Macfarren's new Oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," on 11th ult., is deserving of the highest praise. Whether as regards the instrumental portions of the work or the choruses, it was patent to every listener that the Oratorio had been well worked out before presentation to the public. The society was assisted in the vocal portions by Mrs. A. J. Sutton, soprano, whose singing of the one song set down for the part of *Salome* produced quite a *furor* of applause; Miss Nelly Watkins, contralto; Mr. W. M. Dyson, tenor; and Mr. Orlando Christian, bass. The instrumentalists were—First violins, Messrs. Humphreys, Spray, Sayers, and Griffin; second violins, Messrs. Sayers, W. Elgar, Grainger, and Diaper; violas, Messrs. Jones and H. Elgar; violoncellos, Messrs. Waite and Whinfield; double-basses, Messrs. Pimm and Brooks; flute, Mr. Hadley; horns, Messrs. F. Probin and A. Probin; trombone, Mr. Bell; pianoforte, Mr. A. R. Quarterman; organ, Mr. Wadeley; conductor, Mr. W. Done. The choruses throughout were well taken up. The audience was a very numerous one, all parts of the Music Hall being well filled.

Musical Notes.

MR. ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE, M.A., who is well-known as an accomplished amateur, but more widely as the translator of Kreissle von Helbone's "Life of Schubert," has recently been lecturing in Birmingham, Leeds, and Leamington, on the "Life and Times of J. S. Bach." In his musical illustrations, which included extracts from several of Bach's Church Cantatas, the Mass in B minor, the "Christmas" oratorio, and several little-known works by G. A. Hasse, Graun, and Handel, he was assisted by Miss Alley, Miss E. Alley, Miss E. Lloyd, and a selected choir, with Mr. Stephen S. Stretton at the pianoforte.

MR. ALFRED PITMAN'S CONCERT.—Mr. Alfred Pitman, an amateur tenor singer of some repute in South London, gave an annual vocal and instrumental concert on Tuesday, April 27th, at the Angell Town Institute, Brixton. The concert opened with Beethoven's Romance in F, for the violin, rendered in an artistic style by Mr. J. B. Wade Thirlwall, and enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Thirlwall, who is a rising violinist, also joined Mr. W. Maby in De Beriot and Osborne's brilliant "William Tell" duet for violin and piano, which, as regards both dash and delicacy was effectively played by both gentlemen. Miss Emily Spiller delighted her audience with Henry Smart's "The Sailor's Story," and a scena from Verdi's "Traviata," receiving an encore for both. Mr. Pitman sang Sullivan's "Once again," and Wilford Morgan's "My sweetheart when a boy," with considerable taste and feeling. The programme consisted of various other vocal pieces, as well as pianoforte solos too numerous to notice—amongst the latter Mr. Sidney Hill was successful in Thalberg's fantasia on airs from "Masaniello."

The 52nd Lower Rhenish Musical Festival was held at Düsseldorf on the 16th, 17th, and 18th ult. Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and Handel's "Hercules" were the most conspicuous works performed. Mesdames Peschka-Leutner and Joachim were the principal vocalists, and Herr Joachim conducted. The chorus consisted of over 700 performers, while the band numbered 92.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Claudé L. Ferneley has been appointed organist to the parish church, Melton Mowbray, by the Vicar, May 8, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. H.—*Euphrasine et Coradin* is an opera by Mehul.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Liszt's "Life of Chopin" was originally written in French. An English translation of it, by Martha Walker Cook, has been published by Messrs. Leopoldt and Holt, of New York. We know of no English biographical sketch of Liszt's artistic career and youth. Fétis has a long article upon Liszt in his "Biographie des Musiciens;" and for incidents of his youth our correspondent may be referred to a series of articles (translated from the Munich *Proflylen*, 1866) consisting for the most part of letters from Liszt's father to Carl Czerny, which appeared in Vols. I. and II. of the *Monthly Musical Record*, as well as to an abridged translation (in Vol. II.) of W. von Lenz's interesting work "*Die Grossen Pianoforte-virtuosen unserer Zeit, aus persönlicher Bekanntschaft*."

